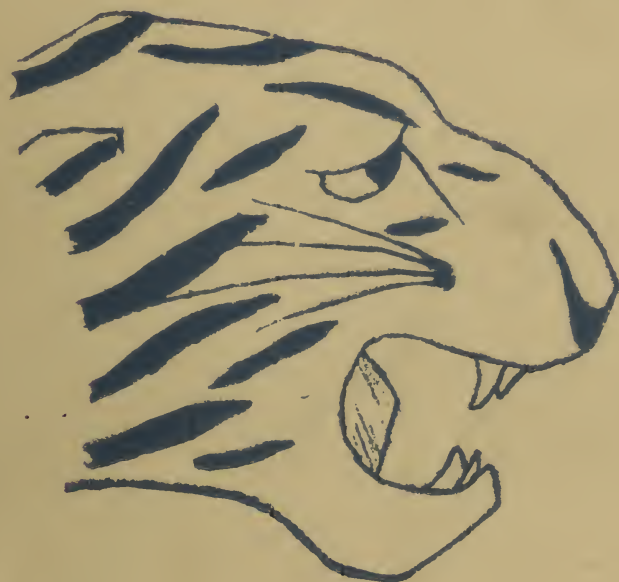


1920  
V.1  
P.45

# THE TIGER



**MANNING HIGH SCHOOL**

**DECEMBER, 1920**

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920  
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# THE TIGER

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VOL. 1, NO. 5.

DECEMBER, 1920

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## EDITORIAL

During the last few years the High School seems to have taken a new lease of life and to have shaken off somewhat the inactivity which held it before. This is partly due to the pupils themselves, no doubt, but the teachers also deserve a great deal of credit, for they have usually been the ones with the initiative to get things started. This quickened activity is shown in many ways:—studies, athletics, debating, and work for *The Tiger*. In fact there seems to be an all around raising of standards.

Athletics in the High School have had a stormy career. For many years there was a nebulous sort of Athletic Association, theoretically consisting of all boys in school. It met once a year "cum magnis clamoribus," elected officers, and voted on dues. Whether the dues were paid or not, seemed

to be of no importance, for very little money came in and the treasury was usually empty. Two years ago the school committee appointed one of their members to look after athletics, and things began to pick up. Last year teams in football, hockey, and baseball were attempted on a large scale and were more or less failures. This High School is not large enough, and this town is neither interested nor rich enough to support a regular football team. This was amply proved by the defeats which last year's team suffered, not through any fault of their own, for they always fought pluckily enough, but simply because they did not have weight nor material enough to match larger high schools, such as Framingham and Newburyport. The football this year has consisted of interclass games, which on the whole seems to be a

better arrangement than to attempt to play five or six larger and heavier outside high schools.

With hockey and baseball, however, the story is different. This school has always been peculiarly successful in hockey, probably because of the fact that weight makes less difference in this sport than in baseball, and because of the exceptional opportunities for skating in Ipswich. The team won both games that it played last winter, and unfortunately had to abandon the rest of the schedule on account of weather conditions. The baseball team also went through a successful season and it seems to be able to hold its own against larger high schools than ours.

Another activity began two years ago with the publication of a school magazine, *The Tiger*. The magazine has struggled along through debt and lack of interest, and now seems fairly well established. During the first two years of its publication it came out semi-annually, but this year the editors are trying to bring out three issues. This is rather difficult at the present time on account of the dearth of advertisements, which is caused by the lack of business among shop-keepers.

Two other activities which have been started this fall are the French and English Clubs.

"Le Cercle Francais" meets once a month, and either acts short plays, or plays games, every word being spoken in French.

Indeed a fine is imposed upon every person who dares utter a word of English. The object of the Club is to give each member a chance to improve his spoken French, and to get the knack of French conversation.

The English Club is very extensive in its activities. It meets in the evening and invites the teachers, the pupils, and their parents to its meetings. The programs consist of debates, recitations, music, readings of original poetry, and songs written by members of the school. The club is at present arranging a school party, and expects to give a short play for Christmas. Membership is based on ranks received in English, the required mark for regular membership being 90 percent. In addition to the regular members there are associate members who, although they have not quite reached the standard set for regular membership, have distinguished themselves in some special branch of English, such as debating and writing verse. The object is to encourage an interest in all branches of English work in the High School, and as the average required for regular membership is 90 per cent, the marks in English tend to improve.

May this newly awakened interest in school affairs continue to increase and may results prove as satisfactory as present conditions seem to indicate!

HOWARD N. DOUGHTY, Jr. 1921.

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## THE QUEST OF THE LOST STITCH

Once upon a time there was a Princess, called Angelica. Because she was fair, she had many suitors, but none who loved her more than the brave Prince Optimus. His love was returned with ardour by the Princess, but as she was a good daughter, she determined to let her royal father choose

her husband, because she knew he was a very intelligent man.

Since she was wise, she was industrious, and even when surrounded by her admiring suitors, she knit energetically on a pair of socks for his Majesty's birthday. They were purple socks with yellow toes

and tops; so you can imagine how much she wanted to be very careful of them and how vexed she was when, on looking several rows back, she discovered a large and gaping hole.

"Oh dear!" she cried, "I've lost a stitch!" And then her pretty face puckered up, and she left the room rather than have anyone see her cry.

At that moment King Sagus entered the room. "Where is the Princess?" asked he.

"She has gone to look for a stitch," explained one of the suitors, "the loss of which makes her very unhappy."

"I cannot bear to have her unhappy," said King Sagus, and straightway he issued a decree that whoever should find the stitch should have Angelica for a bride. All the suitors went on the search, but after a long time they all came back disappointed; all, that is, except Prince Optimus, who was a very persevering lad.

As soon as he left the castle gates, he set out on his coal-black steed for the north, all the earth smiling on him, breezes blowing the banners of his brave family, his lance glittering, and everything fresh and cheerful.

He travelled so long and he travelled so far unsuccessfully that, before he realized it, he came to the North Pole and to the End of Everything. Here the world was bleak and sunless, the smiling earth was covered with a down comforter which was very, very cold, and the Prince was as discouraged as his optimistic spirits would allow.

In all his travels no trace nor track of the evasive stitch had he found. The banners drooped on his rusted lance, his horse had long since fallen with fatigue by the wayside, and Optimus was nearly frozen to death. Still he did not give up hope.

After a night's rest on the frozen edge of the world, the Prince climbed to the top

of the Pole to look around, but nothing did he see except snow and ice, ice and snow.

Yet, even as he looked, he thought he saw a something, a tiny piece from a sun-beam flashing for a second on the snow,—and then it was gone. "What is it?" cried the Prince, his eyes lighting with sudden hope. "But it can be nothing—my imagination, perhaps, but nothing else."

And yet, and yet, something told him his vision had not deceived him, and that feeling still kept him looking anxiously in front of him. Sure enough, he saw the flash again, this time a little nearer. The young Prince could no longer contain himself, but slipped down the Pole and after the spark. All at once he heard a little voice coming from under his feet.

"Don't step on me, please," it said, and then after a pause, "I know what you are; you're a mortal, that's what! Do you know what I am? I'm a fairy, that's what! My name's Sparkle Snowflake. What's yours? Have you ever seen a fairy before? I'm a real one, you needn't look so doubtful. Indeed, the Prince had difficulty in believing his senses.

"What do you want?" went on Sparkle Snowflake, breathlessly, "I'll take you anywhere you want to go, except up to the sun. I hope you don't want to go to the sun. You don't, do you? It's very hot up there, that's what! My sister'll take you to the sun. I like it where it's cold, don't you? Do you know why I talk so fast? It's to keep me warm, that's what!"

"I say," interrupted the Prince, "Will you take me to the moon? And by the way, can't you make yourself just a little more visible? It's hard to talk to empty air."

Sparkle Snowflake obeyed by turning himself into a little elf of a foot in height, possessing a comparatively huge pair of most brilliant, rainbow colored, glittering wings, and showing a bright little mischiev-

ous face that glowed with ruddy health.

"Why do you want to go up to the moon?" the elf resumed, "I'll take you if you want to go. The moon's a good place, that's what! I know what you're doing, you're looking for something. Are you? All right, all aboard for the moon."

True enough, the Prince felt himself being lifted up in the air, and heard the rustling of winds on each side. On looking around, he was surprised to see that Sparkle Snowflake was exactly the same size as himself. The imp grinned as he saw the Prince's surprise.

"I know what you're thinking of," he gasped. "You're wondering which of us has changed size. Are you wondering that? Well, you have, that's what! Say," he asked suddenly, "What are you looking for?" Optimus explained all his troubles to him. When the Prince had finished, Sparkle Snowflake seized his hand and they stopped, the elf squatting in mid-air.

"There's no sense in going any farther. I know there aren't any stitches up in the moon. Now what you want to do is to go to my sister; she knows everything about stitches and such like. Look'ee, I'll start you down to the South Pole, that's where she lives, and she'll do you a world of good, that's what!"

So together they started for the south, and until the climate became warm, Sparkle Snowflake kept up his sunny spirits, but as soon as the atmosphere changed, he drooped visibly, and at last he said regretfully, "I'll have to leave you here. You'll float along all right until you drop down gently at the South Pole, and there you'll find my sister. She'll fix you all up, right enough. Goodbye!" And the Prince's cheerful companion disappeared with a soft "Pouf!"

The Prince still continued to float southward until the equator and then the South

Pole loomed in sight. There he dropped down as the elf had said, and soon was sitting on a grassy turf, with the Pole, covered with green vines, standing beside him.

"This," the Prince thought, "must be the other end of everything, and a much pleasanter end it is, to be sure. Hello! You must be Miss Sparkle Snowflake."

"Not at all," drawled a fairy with dignity, who had just appeared sitting cross-legged on the Pole. "My name is Sparkle Flame. However," she conceded graciously, "I'm Sparkle Snowflake's sister."

Prince Optimus looked at her. She was very lovely, but with none of the ruddy health that had glowed on her brother's face. On the contrary, she was comparatively tall and had a languid air that was cooling in the heat of the southern climate.

As the Prince watched her, she slid down the Pole and approached him. "My brother told me you were coming, but he didn't say what for. Why is it?"

The Prince told his tale, and ended up by saying, "Probably somebody else has found the stitch already, but I do hope not."

"No," said Sparkle Flame so decidedly that the Prince's heart jumped with joy. "No one has it except the sun folk. They took it away out of envy because she was so happy, and they are a very discontented tribe, you know. I know the stitch is there because I've seen it."

"Why, then," said the Prince, "we must go up there right away and get it."

"That we must," agreed Sparkle Flame. "But first of all," she said, going to a door of the Pole, and taking something out, "you must have these, for safety's sake."

What the fairy offered him was a hose and a fire extinguisher. Optimus looked at them wonderingly and inquired what they were for.

"To put the sun out, that's what! Come on now! Are you ready? Up, up, up to the sun!" and with a swish and a whir, the Prince found himself being lifted up in the air and flying swiftly through space.

On the way up Sparkle Flame explained to him that, as she had never brought a mortal up to the sun before, she didn't know how he would be received. She knew the sun folk were jealous people, likely to flare up at a moment's notice, and also they mightn't want to give up the stitch.

When they arrived on the sun, Sparkle Flame gave the Prince a tiny breeze to keep him from being smothered to death. With the breeze he wasn't even unpleasantly warm, though at first he was so bedazzled that he saw nothing but sun spots. After Optimus had become accustomed to the brilliance they set out together for the king's palace, where the stitch was kept in careful custody.

The Palace was one of the most brilliant things the Prince had ever seen. It was a huge edifice and made entirely of fire, which sparkled and cracked and snapped most terrifically.

Very soon, for Sparkle Flame seemed to be quite an influential person in the kingdom, they obtained an audience with the king. The King of the Sun folk, like all his subjects, was a sickly looking person and clothed in flames. He had in his hand a dazzling sceptre and on his head a fiery crown.

"Sire," said Sparkle Flame, kneeling before the King, "this noble Prince, has a favour to ask of your most Royal Highness. Deign to bend your mighty ear and hear him speak."

"A Mortal!" said the King, with unutterable scorn. "Why weren't you burned alive some time ago?"

"Because, sire," said the Prince, also kneeling, albeit a trifle haughtily, "I was protected."

Sparkle Flame nudged him, trying to persuade him to be entirely humble. The King frowned.

"Well," he demanded, "What have you to say?"

"This, Sire: You have in your custody a stitch." (The king frowned mightily.) "Will you deliver it to me?"

"No, by Apollo, no!" thundered his Majesty "Not for anything! Here, take this presumer, guards, and throw him into prison! Take this disloyal subject too."

"Quick! The hose!" cried Sparkle Flame. "Over there! The stitch is over there!"

To the horror of the guards who stepped forward to tie the youth, they were suddenly extinguished with a soft "Splut!" Hastily the Prince rushed to the cabinet, and seized a nut shell in which Sparkle Flame said the stitch was kept. Then, directing the hose right and left, they dashed to the edge of the sun and flew down. The wrathful sun folk angrily spit sparks down upon them, but the Prince escaped with only a few burns, and Sparkle Flame, unharmed. Optimus, with the stitch safely in his pocket, could hardly wait to thank Sparkle Flame, but quickly procured a horse and galloped back to the kingdom of King Sagus. There he found the Princess Angelica almost despairing of ever seeing him again. They were married with great pomp and ceremony, and the purple socks with yellow toes and tops were given to the king for a wedding present.

JULIA DOUGHTY, '22.

## A BIT OF LOCAL HISTORY

When Charles II ascended the throne after the death of Cromwell, it seemed wise to the merry monarch to issue a general pardon to all the Roundheads, but he was bent on having the blood of the judges who sent his father to the block, and so the regicides were excepted. While London was in a whirlwind of drinking, merry-making, and revelry, and all England was making holiday, the King's commissioners set out on a journey of death, spurred by hopes of reward and fear of punishment.

The five regicides, however, had feared and had watched for this. They had agreed among themselves that as soon as trouble arose, they would make their way to Cardiff, where one of their number kept a ship always in readiness. The watchfulness and care of four were rewarded, and they embarked safely for America, but the fifth waited, expecting a pardon, and so was caught and hanged.

One who set sail was Goffe, a silent mysterious man, one of Cromwell's chief supporters, who organized fleets, armies, and supplies, but did everything so smoothly and so silently withal, that very few people knew of his existence. The others were Gilbert, a merchant prince of London; Haydock, a country squire; and Landon, a Roundhead of the strictest kind, sober, driving, and pitiless.

After a stormy voyage the ship reached Boston in safety, and the four thought that they were out of reach of the king at last. The news had preceded them, however, and commissioners were waiting. Though they had friends, and remained in hiding for a while, they were quickly discovered and were forced to take to their horses and start for the north with the commissioners close behind them.

It was towards the end of a clear, cold day in early November that the life-and-

death chase began. At six o'clock in the evening the four had reached the Mystic, with the eight commissioners five miles behind them. Through the Saugus hills they thundered, now casting long shadows as they mounted a ridge, and now rushing through a hollow, ever hastening northward.

Just after they had passed Saugus, to their dismay they met a company of soldiers beating toward them round a bend in the road. They could not stop, so they drove through the astonished company. There was a minute of confusion, with a few uncertain shots in the light of the dying sunset, a curse or two, scattered shouts, and the sound of hoof-beats fading away toward Salem. The regicides had now lost half their number, for Goffe had missed his way in the confusion and had gone westward to Hadley, where he died as mysteriously as he had lived, and Haydock lay in a thicket, with a bullet through his head.

By the time the pursuers and pursued had drawn near Salem, the moon had risen in a keen and frosty sky, and by its light the two parties hurried through the town in a trice, splashed across the North River, which was covered with a thin sheet of newly formed ice, and were away again on the highway with the spray freezing to their faces.

So on and on they went over the twelve miles to Agawam. Gigantic they seemed, outlined against the white hills, and their breath, mingling with that of the steaming horses, rose like smoke into the frozen starlight. The commissioners drew ever nearer, and the two regicides swept forward, fighting every inch of the way, but losing slowly. The commissioners gained. Now they were three miles behind, now a mile, now a half mile. Soon shots began to

break the steady rhythm of the horses' gallop. One commissioner fell, then another, but what are two against six?

At length they reached Agawam and the end of the tragedy was at hand. The two could last no longer. They dismounted. A crowd formed. There were a few curt

words from the captain of the commissioners and two loudly echoing pistol-shots.

Two forms lay stretched in the king's highway, while through the branches of an arching elm, the moon made silver fret-work and tracery over them.

H. N. DOUGHTY, Jr., 1921.

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### OUR CLASS OF 1921

*S* is for sensible Seniors, we;  
*E*, energetic, fits us to a tee;  
*N* is for nonsense, for which we'll never fall;  
*I* is industrious, happy workers all;  
*O* is for onward, the road we'll all travel;  
*R* is a big resolve of problems to unravel;  
*S* is for studious, sturdy, and strong;  
*Seniors*—ever for the right, never for the wrong.

RICHARD RALPH—1921.

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### THE LAND WHERE LOST THINGS GO

There is a land far, far away,  
A land where lost things go;  
A land where you will go some day  
To claim the things you know.

In that land are marvelous things:  
Books, links, buttons, dolls,  
Pins, bracelets, thimbles, rings,  
Pencils, pens, and balls.

Sometimes the lost things reappear,  
While we wonder who has the knack,  
In wondrous places so very near,  
To make the things come back.

"Where is that great land?" you ask,  
"And where the lost things grand?"  
Ah! 'twould be a great, great task  
To find the way to that land.

Yet the north wind'll show you their abode,  
And the way to that land, I know,  
For he alone knows the road  
Where all of the lost things go.

DOROTHY SHAW—1923.

### BACK HOME

#### I.

I have a word I'd like to say  
To boys who want to roam,  
To boys who think the greatest things  
Are things away from home,  
To boys who think if they could go  
Away from home, why gee!  
They'd make a million dollars,  
And the greatest sights they'd see.

#### II.

Now that is just the way I felt  
When school let out last June,  
But now it is October  
And I've changed my little tune.  
I started out as salesman  
In the wondrous nutmeg state,  
And for the first three days or so,  
It surely did seem great.

#### III.

Three days I gazed upon the beauty  
Of those nutmeg trees,  
Then I had the queerest feeling  
In my stomach and my knees.  
It seemed as though a thousand pounds  
Were hanging round my neck,  
And it seemed that I was eating  
Tasteless sawdust by the peck.

#### IV.

The baker's pie I was forced to eat!  
It surely was a scream,  
And of my mother's custard pies  
I began to dream and dream.

I didn't meet a single man  
Whose purse strings dangled loose,  
And I then began to wonder  
If I hadn't been a goose.

## V.

To leave one's home and those one loves,  
Is not what fellows think,  
For life away from *Home, Sweet Home*,  
Is simply on the blink.  
You'll take a slide down some steep bank  
And lose your trouser's seat;  
The hole that you sweat blood to mend,  
Is far from being neat.

## VI.

When I had finished up my work  
Down there, I went to Maine,  
And there I had the very same  
Experience again.  
So let me tell you, boys who think  
That you would like to roam,  
The sweetest sight I've seen this year,  
Is old Rowley town and home.

## VII.

Old Rowley that had seemed so dead,  
I view with different eyes;  
My folks who seemed so kind of slow  
Are now a priceless prize;  
The yellow house on South Main Street  
Is a vision to my eye;  
And it's surely great to be back here  
With my friends in Manning High.

RICHARD RALPH—1921.

## WHY THE SKY IS BLUE

Long, long ago, the sky was white as snow, and there were no clouds at all. The sky was white and cold when the sun rose, white and cold at noon, and still white and cold at sunset. Because there were no

clouds there were no bright colors in the sky at dawn or sunset.

There lived a young Indian in a camp on the shore of the great Atlantic. He was the son of the chief, and his name was Walohee. He was tall, straight, well built, and handsome. He loved the animals in the great forest, the birds in the air, the fish in the sea, and all the things of nature. Every thing he thought beautiful except the sky. That was so cold and cheerless that he could not bear to look at it. He prayed often to the Great Spirit and asked that the color of the sky be changed. Always he was asked what color it should be, and always he would answer that he did not know.

Soon he grew to be a brave and was often on the war path. He did not forget his friends, nor the beauty of nature, nor the ugliness of the white sky. He knew it was no use to pray to have the color of the sky changed until he could tell what color it should be.

One day Walohee saw the daughter of a captured chief. Her name was Valone. She was very beautiful, and unlike the other Indians, had very, very blue eyes. She too did not like the coldness of the sky. Walohee fell in love with her and took her as his squaw. He thought her eyes were of the prettiest color he had ever seen. Soon he prayed that the sky might be white no longer. The Great Spirit asked him what color it should be, and Walohee answered, "The color of the eyes of Valone." So the sky changed color and clouds were added to make it beautiful. We call the color of the sky blue, but the tribe of Walohee call it "Valone."

DOROTHY SHAW—1923.

## BROTHER JIM AND ME

Digging in the sunny sands,  
Trying to reach the sea,  
How hard we work with both our hands,  
Brother Jim and me!

Now we've built a fortress strong,  
To keep away the sea;  
Oh, the days seem never long,  
To Brother Jim and me!

Now we're clasping both our hands,  
Splashing in the sea;  
Now we're dancing on the sands,  
Just Brother Jim and me!

A sail boat, gliding slowly, wends  
Its way out to the sea;  
Oh, sailing is such fun for friends  
Like Brother Jim and me!

And now we'll sing a good-night song  
And bid good-bye to the sea,  
For we've been playing all day long,  
Both Brother Jim and me.

And now he shuts tight both his eyes,  
The color of the sea,  
For the time has come for baby-byes,  
For Brother Jim and me.

JULIA DOUGHTY—1922.

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## ONLY A MATTER OF A FEW YEARS

It was the first meeting of the stove league, in the back room of the ancient and honorable establishment of the Johnson & Hawkin's Grocery Co. The league had, at this meeting, enrolled Sam Jones, a very ardent hunter, who had recently moved to the quiet town.

The members were discussing the great quantity of game, in the season which was at hand, and were marveling that certain animals were so tame. After a few of the

members had told some of their experiences, John Hawkins, partner of the grocery company, said, "I've seen a mink come out and seat himself on that rock across the river every day for about two months." Through the dusty window he pointed out a rock on the opposite bank of the river on which the establishment was situated.

This statement excited Jones very much and he said, "Hawkins, would you mind if I came around and sat in that window to see if I can get a crack at that mink?"

"To be sure, you can come any time you want," said the self-satisfied grocer. The hour was nearing supper time and the meeting gradually broke up.

The next morning, when the grocery store was ready to open for its day's business, Jones was at hand to take his "crack at the mink." At about seven o'clock he took a seat before the window and began his watch for the fabulous animal. Nine o'clock gradually came and except for the noise of the grocers carrying on their business, not a sound broke the silence. Not a mink was to be seen. Eleven o'clock finally arrived. The same sounds were heard, but still no mink appeared.

By this time, Sam's stomach had begun to pinch him and he grew weary of his watch. Finally, he called to the men in the neighboring room, "Say Hawkins, when did you last see that mink?"

"That's just what we're talking about," replied Hawkins. "Johnson says it was fifteen years ago, but I claim it was twenty."

GARDNER BROWN—1921.

## I.

### HESPERUS ON ARMISTICE NIGHT

Sky-rockets on earth, for a war has ceased!  
Jubilation 'midst men for a world released!  
From anguish and burning,  
And turmoil and yearning,  
From terror of death, and from gun-clatter  
eased,  
Did the world rejoice.

Rockets that hiss and roar in the night,  
Bursting and showering golden light  
In stars that fade and fall.  
But one lone star of all  
That fleeting group seemed fixed and bright  
In heaven. It was

The Evening Star, a drop of liquid gold,  
Glowing above a sunset dead and old,  
A sunset of a dark and angry red,  
A dying flame that on the world had fed.  
But the beaming star to every nation told  
Of a world to be fashioned anew.

But across the heavens came a flying wrack  
Of doubt and mistrust, for a storm-cloud  
black  
Eclipsed the star,  
Which men from far  
Had prayed for long; the world seemed  
back  
To the ruin and strife of old.

## II.

### THE DAWN OF DAY

But at last the long mad night is breaking;  
The revellers now from star-dreams are  
waking.  
Utopias glimmer and fade away.  
To his work each man returns at day;  
One more step forward the world has taken,  
And one more epoch is passed.

H. N. DOUGHTY, Jr.—1921.

## HIGH SCHOOL LIFE

You arise in "Early" morning,  
When you have been "Caldwell,"  
And eat a "Savory" breakfast,  
And start to school at a bell.  
The bells ring in the periods,  
And "Witham" lessons come,  
We stand on "Scales" of written tests,  
Till we feel almost out "Dunn."  
But as the day progresses,  
We feel "W(h)ittier" still,  
And it seems that we could conquer  
Every mountain, vale, and "Hill."  
We have "Ames" to beat our class-mates,  
So we set a flying "Pace,"  
'Till it must seem to others  
A very useless "Chase."  
We go over mounts of History  
Until we "Pearce" the sky,  
Turning crook and "Connor,"  
On and on we fly.  
Over "Lee" and hilltop,  
Through valleys, up and down,  
Through "Wood" we "Hunt" for knowl-  
edge,  
Doing all up "Brown."  
E'en if the day is "Haley,"  
We are "Reddy." Ever on!  
Though often life seems "Reilly,"  
And a "Hayes" is farther on,  
We pound our anvils cheerily  
Like a "Smith." Each shines like a star,  
Or like a golden sunbeam  
Whose shinings nought can "Marr."

LUCY M. LEE—1922.

## SOCIAL NEWS

An English Club has been organized by Miss Cole of the English department. The first public meeting of the Club was held October 11 in the Manning Hall. The pupils, the parents, and the teachers were invited and everyone enjoyed the program.

Howard Doughty, the President of the Club, made a short speech emphasizing the cooperative features of the Club. Then after the audience had joined in singing a school song, the words of which were written by Richard Ralph to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," Mr. Doughty introduced the speakers of the evening.

Miss Russel gave a recitation entitled "Lake Como," which was so much enjoyed that she gave "Practicing" as an encore. Miss Doughty next gave a piano solo, "Silver Stars," and played "Con Armore" as an encore.

The three writers of verse whom the Club is fortunate enough to possess, next recited some original compositions. Miss Caldwell gave her poem about "A Lobster's Assistance"; Miss Lee followed with a poem called "Life, A Day's Journey;" and Richard Ralph read a poem called "Home." Each responded to an encore. After two vocal selections by Miss Bamford, Parker Atkinson read "Echo" and a short epigram.

Next came oratory, Gardner Brown and Nathan Sushelsky furnishing an extremely good debate on the Presidential candidates, Harding and Cox.

The program closed with the singing of more school songs, the words of which were written by Miss Bamford, Miss Caldwell,

Miss Doughty, and Miss Harrigan. Every member of the English Club contributed something to the success of the evening.

A second meeting was held on November 3. Two debates were enjoyed, the first being "Resolved, That Free Verse is of Permanent Value to English Literature" and the second being "Resolved, That There Should be State Censorship of Moving Pictures." In the first debate the affirmative was taken by H. N. Doughty, Jr., Catherine Caldwell, and Lawrence King, and the negative by Nathan Sushelsky, Richard Ralph, and William Hayes.

The affirmative in the second debate was taken by Muriel Russel, Aley Harris, and Evelyn Bamford, and the negative by Gardner Brown, Maynard Whittier, and Fred Witham.

Miss Julia Doughty gave the address of welcome, and a number of musical numbers were rendered, Miss Ardace Savory being the accompanist. The selections included a vocal duet by Kathleen Harrigan and Mary Martel, mandolin selections by Nicholas Kalaboke, violin selections by Julius Bean, and chorus numbers by the school.

Friday evening, Sept. 24, a farewell party was given in Manning Hall for Miss Dorothy Hall. She was presented by the Senior Class with a butterfly locket and chain. Everyone had a pleasant evening in spite of regret at losing Miss Hall.

On Friday afternoon Rev. Carol Perry gave a very interesting lecture in the Manning Hall on "Our Debt to the Pilgrims."

# ATHLETICS

On account of the smallness and lightness of the football candidates this fall no games were played with outside schools.

Several interclass games were played however, and were greatly enjoyed by all concerned.

On Oct. 7, the first game between the Junior-Senior and Sophomore-Freshman team came off. In spite of stiff resistance, the Freshman-Sophomore team was defeated by a score of 40-0. Brown, Hayes, and Dondero starred for the Junior-Senior combination. Burke and Ewing did good work for the lower classes.

The line up:

Junior-Senior	Freshman-Sophomore
Witham, r. e.	r. e. R. Callahan
Houghton, Chase, r. t.	r. t. Chapman
Ralph, r. g.	r. g. McCarty, Torpey
R. Whittier, c.	c. Bean, Howe
Kalaboke, l. e.	l. e. Hall
Tyler, l. t.	l. t. Porter, Saunders
Hodgkins, l. g.	l. g. Somers
Hayes, q. b.	q. b. W. Burke
Dondero, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Ewing, McKinley
M. Whittier, r. h. b.	r. h. b. Gould
Brown, f. b.	f. b. J. Burke

The touchdowns were made by Dondero,

Brown, and Hayes. Brown kicked the goals.

In the second game the Junior-Senior combination again won with a score of 23-0. Hayes made a great many good plays for the upper classes, and Gould was one of the main supports of the Sophomore-Freshman team. The lineup was nearly the same as in the first game.

Besides these inter-class games the High School played a town team composed mainly of graduates of the school. The first game was held Oct. 29. The lineup was nearly the same as that of the inter-class games. The High School won by a score of 28-0. M. Whittier's interference and Hayes' long end runs were the features for the High School. Caverly and Gordon starred for the town team.

The game with the town team on Nov. 12 was one of the most interesting games of the season. The score was 13-7 in favor of the High School.

## HOCKEY

Conditions look good in this sport, as a number of veteran players are eligible. A good schedule of games with the best teams in this part of the state is being arranged.

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## ALUMNI NEWS

### Class of 1920

Mabel Anthony, Helen Chapman, Edna Herlihy, Henry Hills, Hazel Rogers, and Warren Brown are at the Salem Commercial School.

Alice Davis, Barbara James, and Elsie Mackinney are at home.

Bernard and Raymond Sullivan and Mary Gordon are Freshmen at Boston University; Louis Bean is a Freshman at Harvard.

N. Archer is with the A. and P.; Beatrice Connors' the bookkeeper for G. Hayes; Pamela Gould is working in the bank.

Cleola Davis is taking a post-graduate course at Beverly High School; Mary Nourse, at Manning; and Bernice Whittier is at Essex "Aggie".

### Class of 1919.

Ellen O'Brien, Thelma Damon, and Margaret Reilly are Sophomores at the Salem Normal School.

Cora Benedix and Lucy Bailey are in the Hancock Insurance Company.

Myrtle Goditt and Hildred Davis are in the office of the Ipswich Mills. Spencer King is also at the Mill.

Edith Spyut and Lucy Sturgis are at Burdett; Cleon Johnson is at Massachusetts "Aggie"; Douglas Jewett is at Wentworth Business College.

William and Ethelinda Tucker are at Middlebury College. Ethelinda Tucker is Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and a member of the Delta Delta Delta Sorority. William is in Alpha Sigma Phi.

Austin Caverly and Samuel Gordon are taking post-graduate courses at Manning.

Althea Hayes is in her father's office, and Clarice Davidson is a Sophomore at Essex "Aggie".

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### EXCHANGES

We very gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:

*Beacon*—Boston University.

*Pep*—Mexico High School, Mexico, Me.

*Early Trainer*—Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

#### Our Opinion of These.

*The Pep*—Your literary department contains some excellent material, so does your athletic department. Why not have your exchange column contain literary opinions?

*The Trainer*—We were pleased to receive your paper. Its jokes are very amusing.

*The Beacon*—You have an excellent literary department. "The Girl and the Car" was very good.

### PEPPER AND SALT

"The way Japan plays politics with America reminds me of the story of the

Jap and the Jar," said Senator Phelan recently. "An absent-minded Japanese went into a store to buy a jar and noticing one turned upside down, blurted out, "How absurd! The jar has no mouth." Turning it over, he was once more astonished. "Why the bottom's gone, too!" he exclaimed.

(Exchange).

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Miss Whittemore: "If a man makes a contract to work for another man and then dies, what happens?"

Perley: "He loses his job."

Miss Blodgett: "Spyut, take yourself and Bean, then take away Bean, what will be left?"

Bean: "Nothing."

Miss Blodgett: "Now I think we know every part of us in French."

Callahan: "Yes, but we need a dictionary to find ourselves."

Callahan: "My pen must have indigestion, it writes purple."

During the ear and eye test Cartledge was requested to cover his eye and read the line of letters. He promptly covered his right ear and read the line correctly.

Question: "What is the past tense of ride?"

Answer: "I don't know."

Question: "I ride today, what did I do yesterday?"

Answer: "Walked."

From recent examination papers, we learned the following startling facts:

A Papal Bull is "the head of all Chris-

tendom” or in other words, “the sport of kings and high vassals.”

Mr. Brown is the grandfather of four elephants. (Fr. dictation, “enfants”).

“The pigs won a safe and sound grunt” is the modern French for “Ils (des cochons) gagnerent sains et saufs un fourre ou ils disparurent.”

Apropos of the Free Verse debate—  
Sushelsky: “Did you see that poem in the ‘New Republic’ called ‘To A Skunk Cabbage’?”

King: “How odious!”

Miss Allen: “What was the attitude of France towards her colonies?”

Miss Russell: “Well, France was sort of a paternal mother.”



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